

# JUDGE GOODWIN'S PAPER

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## OUR BLENDED RACE.

The serious illness of the Pope has made Rome once more the center of the world's thought, as it was for five hundred years before the coming of the Messiah, as it was for a thousand years thereafter.

That wonderful seven-hilled city whose streets the Caesars trod, where war was reduced to a real science, where a new architecture was born, a new code for the government of men was written, where new charms were given to eloquence, to music; where for centuries her soldiers came home victorious or never came.

That city around which more interest is drawn than around any other spot on earth, save that city where the great white Temple was built, where the Cross was upraised.

The home of great soldiers, of Emperors, of the race that so stamped itself upon the thoughts of men that the memory of something of its ancient power and magnificence still awes mankind. The Iron Kingdom, that with short sword, javelin and spear subdued the world and created a distinct civilization.

There, too, for fifteen hundred years has been the great capitol of the Roman church, and there it grew until its head became greater than any king. The thought of his place possessed the late Pontiff to the last, and when he cried out for something to strengthen him that he might, like the ancient Roman Emperors, die standing, the cry was but an echo of the indomitable spirit and pride of five and twenty centuries ago.

That race is coming in hordes to our country. With the thrift that has grown out of centuries of poverty, they are making homes; their children will intermarry with ours; what will the race on this continent be a hundred years hence? The old imperious will is only dormant; it is not extinguished. It blazed out in Napoleon, in Garibaldi, it waits only a little encouragement and then an opportunity. Behind that fierce will in the old days was the pride of citizenship and the love of liberty. Those attributes are not lost, they are but dormant, having been beaten to insensibility by the oppressions of the centuries. Blended with the American race, educated and given prosperity with a renewal of their old hopes, who says that the whole race will not be enriched by the blending?

Let us hope so, for a continent to the south awaits our peaceful conquest and the world's equilibrium may soon rest on our power.

## THE FACTS OF THE NEGRO MOBING

Recently the Deseret News published a purported statement of the facts of the killing of Marshal Burt by an insane negro, on Main street in this city some twenty years ago, and the subsequent lynching of the negro by an uncontrollable mob that overpowered the police and took and executed the prisoner.

The Telegram of Tuesday last published a similar statement from the lips of William Phillips, who at the time was an officer on the police force. Such is history. There are grave errors in both statements.

The negro killed the marshal as stated. He had made a disturbance in a restaurant, the proprietor of which telephoned the police station to come and arrest him. Before the officers came the negro went into Carter's gun store, purchased a gun and fifty cartridges, loaded the gun and strung the cartridges around him in a belt. When he was pointed out to Marshal Burt, that officer, who was one of the most fearless of men, started toward him. The negro asked if he was an officer, and without waiting for a reply, fired, the ball passing through the body and one arm of the marshal and into the other arm. Marshal Burt staggered into the Smith drug store, fell on his face and was dead within three minutes after being shot.

The other officer grappled with the negro, who, dropping his gun, drew a pistol and fired, wounding the officer in the arm, but some bystanders caught the negro, overpowered him and he was taken to the southwest room in the old city hall. There he was searched, his money and cartridges taken from him preparatory to taking him across to the jail. At this moment a man ran in and said: "Marshal Burt is dying." At this an officer whom we believe was the same William Phillips who gave the story to the Telegram, addressing the prisoner, said: "G— d— you, if Marshal Burt dies you will die before tomorrow morning." With that, either with brass knuckles or a billy—the former, if we remember correctly—the officer knocked the prisoner down, his head striking the pipes under a washstand in the room. Then two or three other officers joined in the attack, the prisoner was partially lifted up and then knocked down again and shamefully beaten. A second messenger came in and cried out: "Marshal Burt is dead." Then an officer said: "Let us take him to jail."

The prisoner was dragged across the space between the city hall and jail and into the jail. The door was closed, then those on the outside heard a blow and a fall and a voice saying: "That will fix him." By this time the crowd began to gather around the jail with cries of "Hang him." Suddenly the door was opened and the half dead negro was flung out to the mob that quickly strung him up. Dr. Hamilton examined the corpse before it was cut down, and told the writer of this that "the head of the wretch was beaten into a jelly, he would have died in an hour or two had there been no mob."

The truth was he was practically killed by the

ferocious Salt Lake police, in charge in those robust days and then flung out to the mob.

The files of the Tribune published next morning after the double murder contain the full account, written by a conscientious reporter who was on the scene and who saw and heard all that transpired.

## EASTERN BUSINESS.

To study the business of the eastern states becomes at last almost alarming to a western man. The work this year is merely to supply the waste and consumption of last year and millions of men live for no other purpose than to get a commission, somehow, out of the transit of the products from the producer to the final consumer. Then they are all keyed up, so to speak, their boilers are carrying one hundred and seventy-five pounds to the inch and they are running sixty miles an hour, with steady increasing momentum. They are using every cent they possess in the business, and for what?

Why to make money, when, in fact, all the money they really make is what they gain in foreign trade, and, of course, to that extent the outside world is made poorer.

They have been playing in wonderful luck for six years now, ever since the abundant crops of 1896-97 in our country and the failure of crops all round the outside world gave the boost after the great panic and depression. At the same time, too, came the engineers' strike in England, which gave to our manufacturers a balance of \$400,000, 000 on their foreign trade in a single year. The currency, paper and metallic, has been increased to \$27 or \$28 per capita and they are using it all and clamoring for more elasticity in the currency, so that when overemployed or with increased demand they can put out additional promises to pay to temporarily pass as money. In the meantime the trusts have been created, property that honestly cost \$1,000,000 is made to represent five times the amount, and thousands have put their spare capital into those stocks.

Those securities are falling now and with one crop failure they would go down with a run and there would be such a wreck as was never seen before. The South Sea bubble would not be in it by comparison.

The coolest of them shudder when this possibility is mentioned and well they may. They trust to the insatiable demands of the people, which they say will number two millions more next New Year's day than they did last New Year's; to the balance of trade with foreign countries and the leaven of gold which flows steadily in upon them from the West, and which has been of constantly increasing volume now for more than fifty years. All the same, if millions of them are not building and living in card houses there is nothing in signs. Then the labor unions are growing and so is the socialist vote. It seems to us that the men of the West who are depending upon the proceeds or the patronage of mines are on vastly safer grounds than are the business men of the east, because the too-much-bended bow will eventually snap. The iceberg as it floats southward makes cold all the air,